

The March of Events

EUROPEAN civilization is at the very brink of the abyss, with the Internationale pulling and the reactionary politician, financiers and militarists pushing the nations toward that fatal fall.

The most amazing feature of this madness is that the most opposite leaderships are working to an identical end, the Red leaders with a perfectly clear comprehension and the Reactionary leaders with no comprehension at all.

Both Paris and London are playing the game of Moscow, and above the furious and greedy and inexpressibly foolish leaders of French and British politics and militarism rises the sardonic and amused face of Nikolai Lenin. He watches the besotted politicians of Europe quarrel and scramble over the spoils of the war as a cat watches the foolish mice scrambling over the cheese when it means presently to devour them.

One of the most stupid things imaginable is underrating an adversary. A still more stupid thing is to divide and come to blows in the face of a common adversary. And a still more idiotic thing is to leave a desperate and doubtful field of battle to run after pillage of the dead and wounded.

Yet all these things the blind and besotted politicians and financiers and militarists of England and France, and of the minor governments in their train, have done and are still doing.

The recovery of Europe depends entirely upon the wise mediation and nursing of its economic system. In the economic sense the states of Europe are as intimately bound together and as dependent upon one another's good or bad fortune as are the States of our own Federal Union. The health of one is the health of all. The sickness of one is the sickness of all. It is impossible, for instance, that Italy can recover economically until Hungary and Austria begin to get well. It is impossible that France and Belgium can recover with Germany kept sick. It doesn't make a bit of difference whether anybody thinks it is wrong that this should be so. It is so, and that is all there is to it.

The French politicians and militarists are apparently determined to invade Germany with a great army. They can do this, of course, because the German soldiers have been demobilized and disarmed and the German people are helpless against the French military array. But while the French can invade and occupy Germany, they cannot gain the indemnity they demand, for the simple reason that there is not that much wealth to be had in Germany, not even if the invaders could carry away the very soil itself. The loot of Germany would not even repay the cost of invasion and occupation. And furthermore, the inevitable destruction of the German workers' will to work would ruin France as well as Germany, because it is impossible for France to become solvent and prosperous again with Central Europe in industrial ruins.

Now, then, this is exactly the condition which Lenin and the other chiefs of the Internationale want to bring about. Given enough millions of German, Austrian, Hungarian, Italian and other peoples out of work, hungry, hopeless and despairing, these astute and active Red leaders will have the soil plowed to their exact liking and will soon have planted the seed, the full harvest of which is riot, revolution and

the collapse of political and social institutions in one common fall. The French militarists can carry the tricolor across Europe, but the Red flag will begin to advance in every state in Europe as soon as this insanity of militarism is in motion.

Persons of different minds, different intelligence, different amounts of information, differed widely upon the size and value of our real stake in Europe's war. Some Americans thought we would be imperiled by German victory, other Americans feared allied victory. Still other Americans—and those the wisest, as the event shows—thought that the victory of Germany or the allies would be inimical to our welfare and earnestly hoped for and worked for "peace without victory."

But there can be no division of opinion upon the enormous interest America has in preserving Europe from another and completely ruinous war.

If militarism—no matter whether French or German or British—again proceeds to destroy what little is left of Europe's credit and productive power, then we shall be forced to produce ONLY WHAT WE CAN CONSUME AMONG OURSELVES, and the whole fabric of production, trade and commerce which has been built up in the export and sale of our margin of food, manufactures and raw materials will collapse. In a world full of bankrupts we can do no business.

Thousands of farms will grow mortgages as their principal crop; thousands of factories will have cold chimneys and locked doors; thousands of mines and oil wells will cease to produce, and armies of the idle will look with hungry and angry eyes upon the property of the well-to-do.

These are the black menaces which peer out of the political and military plans that are now emerging from the secret conferences of European diplomacy—from the hidden conclaves of French and British imperialism and militarism.

The blind are leading the blind to the ditch in which both will fall—and the voice of command, with which great America might avert the catastrophe, is dumb!

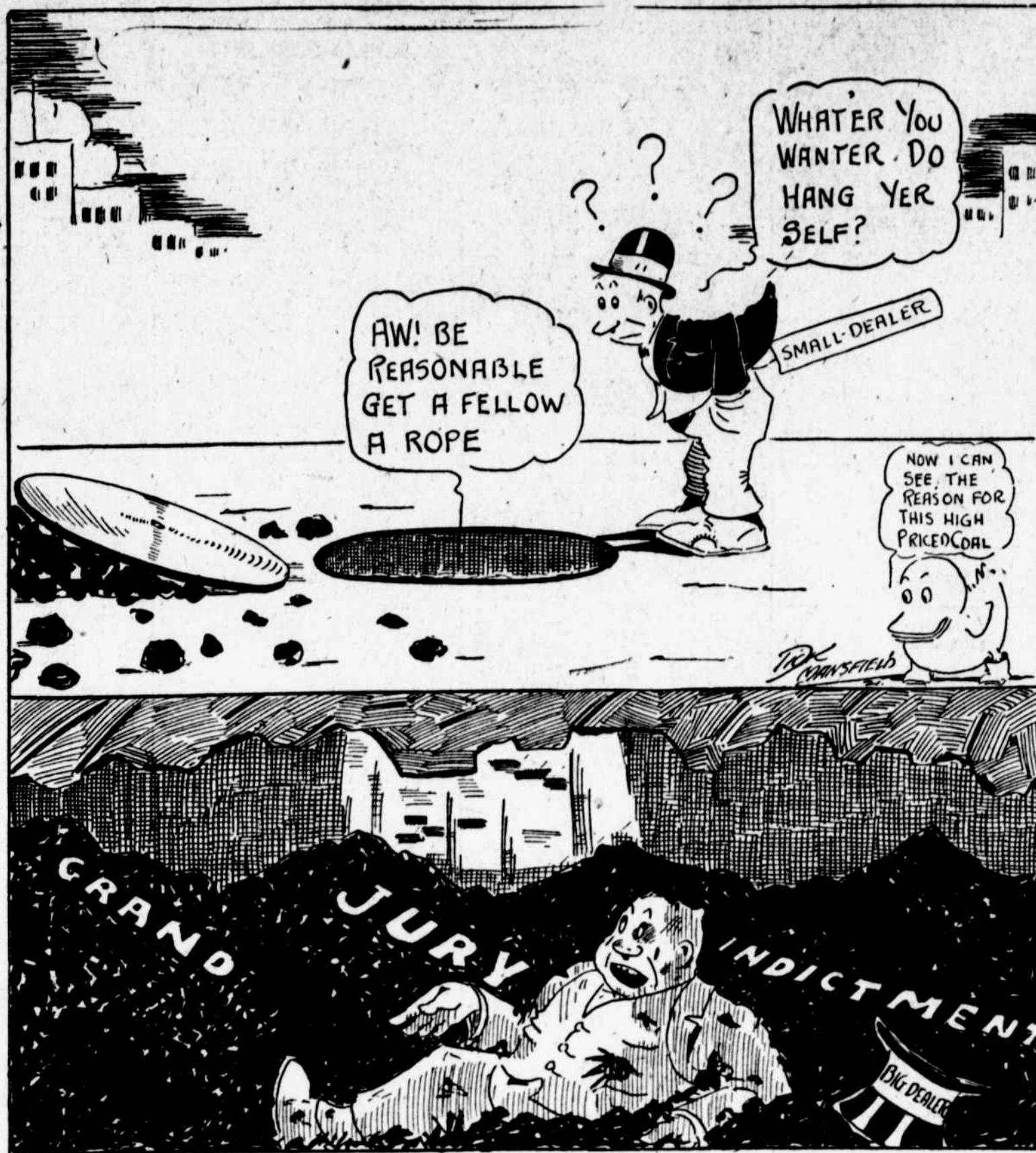
We discuss the right of human beings to destroy the lives of those hopelessly insane or suffering from pain and beyond cure. At Pontiac, Mich., a young boy, Clair Blanford, accidentally shot, lay writhing in agony. His older brother, Warren, aged eleven, took a revolver, put it against the younger brother's head and blew out his brains, "to end his misery."

Psychologists it is said, are studying this "curious reaction" of the older brother. Everybody knows that he should not have taken the responsibility of ending his brother's life. The question is, are the "grown men" of today anything more than children? Can anyone of THEM take the responsibility of ending a life under any circumstances whatever? As to the right to dull pain with opiates there can be no question, of course, but as to legalizing killing there will always be a question.

It is said that the Pershing Stadium in Paris is to be used for bull-fighting. Bulls will be tortured, bled, not killed outright, saved for other performances. This does not seem like the French, an intellectual nation with a sense of the ridiculous.

In every family in France there is a face missing, a man dead in war. Under the circumstances the French will find ways to amuse themselves otherwise than torturing helpless animals. If the "Pershing Bull Ring" is anything, it is a scheme to capitalize the curiosity, idleness and bad taste of foreigners. It must be remembered that the so-called "vile reports" in Paris are patronized and kept alive NOT by Frenchmen, but by Englishmen, Americans, Russians and others from foreign countries.

Be Reasonable!



HUMANISMS

BY William Atherton Du Puy

Robert W. Woolly, late Interstate Commerce Commissioner, was a working newspaperman when a British journalist brought to Washington a letter of introduction to him. The Englishman explained that he wanted to see our Parliament in session and that he wanted particularly to gain an audience with that picturesquely named statesman, Joseph G. Cannon. It was then Monday and he intended to leave Washington on Thursday, but would wait over if this audience could be arranged.

Mr. Woolly said he would see what could be done, and what followed indicates the difference between the British and American method. It was 11:30 and the House would be in session at 12. They went to the Capitol, down past Mr. Cannon's office, which is just off the House chamber. Woolly pushed open the door. Uncle Joe was telling stories to a circle of cronies.

"Hello, Bob," he said as the newspaperman entered.

"Hello, Uncle Joe," Woolly replied. "I want you to meet a friend of mine, an English journalist. He is anxious to arrange an audience with you. He hopes it can be done by Thursday, but if not he will wait over."

"It is done," said Uncle Joe. "The audience is now on. If you want to ask me any questions, young man, fire away."

"I observe," said the Englishman after some preliminary sparring, "that in your Parliament you have what is termed a general debate. We have nothing of the sort in England, you know. Just what does general debate mean?"

"General debate," said Mr. Cannon, "is the occasion when each sweet warbler is given his chance to sing his song."

"I beg pardon," said the visitor, "but do you have music in your Parliament?"

"Not exactly," the statesman replied, "but on those occasions the restraints that bind these legislative larks to earth are removed, and, rest assured, they rise and sing."

Dr. Charles Edward Munroe is by way of being the official explosives expert of the United States Government. He performed the master stroke in his specialty when he invented smokeless powder. He was president of the Cosmos Club, in Washington, for many years, and this is probably the most distinguished scientific club in the nation.

The scientist and reporter rarely get along well together. The former must express himself with exactness which requires many qualifications of his statements. The latter must express himself picturesquely and without qualification. The two sets of requirements are hard to harmonize.

So, when Dr. Munroe wrote a treatise on explosives and their use, and it was reviewed in the newspapers as "the burglar's guide," diplomatic relations were entirely broken off and have not been renewed.

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Once-Overers

Copyright, 1921, International Feature Service, Inc. Character and Faces. BY J. J. MUNDY.

Some persons have a peculiarity about face or feature, which is provocative of laughter, and while they may profess to be not sensitive about it, deep down in their hearts it hurts. The fact that your features are nearly perfect makes joking remarks from you the more cutting.

If you are good-looking you are fortunate, but you know you had nothing whatever to do in making your own good looks.

Often when you look in a mirror you feel thankful that your face is not so unattractive as some you see.

These persons may wish they were as comely and pleasing as you.

But regular outlines are little else save attractiveness.

If your pleasant features show nothing of grace of mind eventually your face will look shallow and dull.

Homely faces which show intelligence, honesty, knowledge and morality become better and better looking with the years, and it were well for you to keep this in mind when you are tempted to criticize any one on account of physical defects or plain homeliness.

Mr. B. Baer

REPUBLICAN PROGRESS

While admitting loosely that a Republican is the noblest work of the God of Politics, don't expect too little from the present administration. We will clatter along stylishly, facing the problems that are faceable. And about-facing on the ones that are too corrugated to be stared at.

We have made luxurious progress already. At high tide the three-mile limit is a little closer and there are no more horse-cars in New York City.

We have arranged to move Spring up a little closer. This brings the Easter millinery bills nearer, but we can't stamp out the ravages of Democracy in the limited time we have enjoyed in placing the American eagle in its proper stamping grounds on Republican pay envelopes.

Progress and reconstruction are working fingers-in-glove. Railroads have taken the place of Erie canal transportation and it is now possible to call up a friend in San Francisco and get the wrong number.

Swift ocean liners cross the sea in four days. Telegraphs link our big cities in a high toll grip. We have done fairly well in releasing America from its bog of moss, but don't expect too much. Even a Republican is liable to be an idiot with feet of bunions.

The Secretary of Agriculture announces that the price of free seeds will be within reach of the workingman. He has aroused much enmity by deciding that the District of Columbia and Philadelphia are not in the rural districts. This cures the old Democratic habit of tearing up asphalt streets to plant the Summer crops.

Taking it all in all, or two at a time, it will be seen that the Repubs have made great strides to and fro.

We will continue along this policy. And in four years we expect to save enough from the Democratic wreck to start a wreck of our own.

Place an X in the oblong circle.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office. By K. C. B.

"There may be such a thing in this country as a taxpayer's strike. The sooner it comes the better."—From the remarks of Senator Thomas, of Colorado, on the floor of the Senate.

MY DEAR Senator.

ATTA BOY!

AND ALL the rest.

YOU'D LIKE to say.

YOU NEEDN'T say it.

YOU CAN ask the Senate.

FOR LEAVE to print it.

AND FORGET about it.

FOR YOU'VE said it all.

IN NINETEEN words.

AND THE wonder is.

IT HASN'T been said.

AND HASN'T been done.

LONG YEARS ago.

FOR HERE we are.

THE COMMON people.

ALL THE time bragging.

ABOUT BEING free.

AND THE Stars and Stripes.

AND THE Constitution.

AND OF the people.

AND FOR the people.

AND BY the people.

AND WAVING the flag.

AND PAYING taxes.

ON OUR theater tickets.

AND CHOCOLATE sundaes.

AND FIVE dollar shirts.

AND THREE dollar ties.

AND SITTING down.

WITH OUR income blanks.

AND TRYING to guess.

HOW MUCH we owe.

AND READING of graft.

AND WILD extravagance.

AND GETTING letters.

THAT ARE almost insulting.

FROM THE tax collectors.

AND WE'RE the guys.

THAT PAY the guys.

THAT WRITE the letters.

AND RUNNING right down.

AND PAYING our taxes.

AND THE man that takes them.

DOESN'T EVEN say thanks.

AND MR. Senator.

EVEN the policemen.

BULLY US around.

AND WE'RE free men.

YES WE are!

WE'RE in a tall-spin.

AND WHEN we land.

BOY, OH boy!

I THANK you.

"Treat-'em-Rough" Methods for Gun Toters

By BILL PRICE.

Ladylike methods of the police department and the judges of the local courts will not put an end to gun toting in Washington. "Treat-'em-rough" should be the motto all along the line. The basis of the gun-play wave here is boot-legging. The illegal whiskey traffic has brought small fortunes to certain classes in Washington. These people have grown to feel that they have "rights" above the laws of the land and that they must protect their industry by the ever-ready pistol. There has been established an element formerly unknown to Washington—circles within circles of desperate men dependent upon boot-legging for their incomes. The lowest types of criminals are in the employ of these wealthy whiskey runners. From the top to the bottom they go armed.

Add to these the ordinary thieves, robbers, general bad-eggs and criminals of various degrees, and you have the gun-toters of Washington.

The police know a great many of these criminals and can reach them by a rattling "round-up" which will make them realize that this community is intensely aroused.

The final step will be for the judges of the courts to "soak" the guilty good and hard. Judges McMAHON and HARDISON have recently begun to send "gun-toters" to the pen for one year each. That is the real solution of the situation. Senator ASHURST, of Arizona, has well stated that the carrying of concealed weapons in his State was broken up by "heavy penitentiary sentences," and not by piles of laws.

Present laws in the District are mighty useful if the police will close in on the pistol and knife carriers with a swoop and the judges will hand out maximum sentences.

HEARD AND SEEN

ON OSCULATION.

Q. If your sweetheart kissed you on the forehead, what would you do?
A. I'd call him down.

Q. But if he kissed you on the chin, what would you say?
A. I'd say, "Heaven's above."

R. U. GAME.

The fans who have not heard of the jolly boys of the Security Storage Co., 15th Street, described by him as JERRY RIPP, "the dancer supreme," LOUIE FRILLOUX, the "six-foot Marine," OLIVERI, "the studious chap," TOMMIE, "the good-looking guy," ROBERT, "the millionaire's son," and HARRY MARTIN, "the tall sailor man." The verse is good but is too long for H and S.

FLOWERS FOR THE SICK.

CATHERINE ROLLINS, of Baltimore, says she will be in Washington for several weeks. She would like to see H and S fans (she's one) have a "Say It With Flowers" day for their sick friends, who will appreciate the spirit of the flowers and of the fans.

My idea of a true hero is a guy who will bring a friend home to dinner on washday.

NUT SUNDAY.

THE LATIN SHARKS.

Gonzaga's "audita visaque" is good, healthy Latin. "Res audita visaque" would also all the bill as to H and S. "SWEET SIXTEEN," of Central High, is using school girl Latin. She should talk with her eyes. I'll bet they're soft and dreamy.

FRED VETTER.

ANAGRAMMATICAL CITIES.

Here are a few names, each of which represents a well known city of the United States and may keep the H and S fans guessing for a few minutes:

1. Lina P. Rimeon 2. Anna Toonils 3. Walker Bries 4. Katy O. MacHoll 5. Tony G. Owens 6. Leta S. Hoppe 7. Lester I. Austam 8. Sara C. Perdi 9. Mada Stern 10. C. C. O. 11. Tommy N. Gore 12. C. C. O. 13. Cook Townes 14. C. C. O. 15. Irma T. Filios 16. H. & S. BUD.

The butcher who advertises that he will dress a chicken for 50 cents simply can't do it, that's all.

CHEERUPADIST.

When they asked an old farmer named Day, who was watching a cinema play, "What he followed?"

He said, "Certainly not; why, I can't hear a word that they say."

C. H. M.

THE WIFE AND MOTHER.

MR. MAN, her life is just as short as yours. You're no millionaire and she knows it, too. She does all the cooking and sewing. She washes your dishes and often your clothes. She takes care of your children. She knows it doesn't pay to put off for tomorrow what she can do for you today. Be a good sport and do likewise. Start right now to APPRECIATE YOUR WIFE. Tomorrow may never come. If it does, it's too late, anyhow.

PHILIP EBERT.

Holdih's hands is awful nice. Phil's life is just full of spice. I like it.

In the hammock, on the porch. Neath the hymnal while in church. Or jest any where, by gosh.

I like it.

B. V. DEES.

NONUNION.

The Irishman noticed this sign in the book-store window: "Charles Dickens works here all the week for \$8." Pat read it the second time and remarked: "The doily scab."

H. SMITH.

"DIAMOND JACK," who says he is from "Diamond S. Ranch," and has a wild and woolly West twang to his contris, says he is going to muss things up for some of the cackies he finds in town. He thinks the cackies will soon be blooming again on F street as the spring weather comes on.

Ebenezer went with a...
Ed, for short, she called her ucuu.
Talk about "rides of love," Great Caesar!
You should see them. 25 and 26.
MAE E. CURTIN.

GOOD FELLOWS ALL.
R. B. H. writes a smart poem about the jolly boys of the Security Storage Co., 15th Street, described by him as JERRY RIPP, "the dancer supreme," LOUIE FRILLOUX, the "six-foot Marine," OLIVERI, "the studious chap," TOMMIE, "the good-looking guy," ROBERT, "the millionaire's son," and HARRY MARTIN, "the tall sailor man." The verse is good but is too long for H and S.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH!
Time and tide wait for no man, but they slow up a little for the lady who is getting dressed for the opera.
LICKSKILLIT.

MARY AND HER BEAU.
Mary had a little beau.
His name was Willie Jones.
He wasn't fat, oh, no, he was no.
He was a bag of bones.
But Mary loved her little beau.
Despite this handicap.
And every time he'd come to call.
She'd sit down in his lap.
Now, Mary wasn't thin at all.
In fact, she weighed a ton.
And to see her sitting in his lap.
Created lots of fun.
But not for Willie, no, no, no.
He knew they almost broke.
Altho' he loved his Mary so.
He felt as if he'd croak.
LITTLE GOODIE.

In Wheeling, W. Va., the cake class of boys are called the "E. P. S." (empty pocket sports). The cake-eaters type are called "gold-diggers." WEST VA.

ALL THIS WEEK.
"Way Down East," in "The Whirl of the Town," "Officer 666" arrested "The Passionate Pilgrim" in the "Lily" for carrying a "Tangerine" and he had to pay "The Price of Possession" because he was a "Scoffer." ENNIS A.

JOE CONKLIN and some of the other fans are so enthused over the great NUT day ahead that they are suggesting doughnuts strung on ribbons as dead sure evidence of a real nutty fan.

Sign in a real estate office:
"For sale, a house by a lady with a brick front."
HARDWARE JACK.

QUOTING H AND S.
The fans will be pleased to know that the old column is frequently quoted through the country. The motion picture "cackies" of the "Lucky Dig" often pick up our good things and credit them to The Times.

The fame of the column should be a continued incentive for the contris to apply all the originality in them to their productions. Not all nonsense can be brand new, but new angles can always be put on the old.

"MONOPED," who says he "is a one-legged guy, well, and hopes you are the same," sends in these "toasts" for good cheer:

Man likes trouble here below.
And wants it all his life.
So to fulfill his earthly wants
He gets himself a wife.
Sing or don't sing, it's all the same.
Oh, now we can see by dawn's early light
The hole for the key, when we've been out all night.

HARDING having been the first man elected President of a dry nation, here's hoping he dampens things up a little.
EAMON O. S.

CAN THIS BE CANNED?
Can any of the fans answer this:
A canner exceedingly canny.
Only day remarked to his granny:
"A canner can can anything he can.
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"
MABEL.